

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

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THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,
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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

CITY DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Baptist, Rev. O. B. Brown, 10th street, between E and F.
Baptist, Rev. Mr. Samson, E street, between 6th and 7th.
Baptist, Rev. Mr. Hendrickson, cor. of 4th street and Virginia avenue.
Baptist, Shiloh, Elder Robert C. Leachman, on Virginia avenue, near 4 1-2 street.
Catholic, St. Patrick's, Rev. Mr. Matthews, assisted by Rev. James B. Donelan, F street, between 9th and 10th streets.
Catholic, St. Matthew's, Rev. John P. Donelan, corner of H and 15th streets.
Catholic, St. Peter's, Rev. Mr. Van Horsiegh, 2d street, between C and D, Capitol hill.
Friends, 1 street, between 18th and 19th.
Lutheran, English, Rev. Dr. Muller, corner of 11th and H streets.
Lutheran, German, Rev. Mr. Bevan, corner of G and 20th streets.
Methodist, Ebenezer, Rev. Messrs. Ege and Hanson, 4th street, between F and G, navy yard.
Methodist, Foundry, Rev. Mr. Tarring and T. A. Morgan, corner of 14th and G streets.
Methodist, Wesley chapel, Rev. N. Wilson, corner of F and 5th streets.
Methodist, McKendree chapel, Rev. Mr. Eggleston, Mass. avenue, between 9th and 10th.
Methodist, Ryland Chapel, Rev. F. S. Evans, pastor, corner of Maryland avenue and 10th st.
Methodist Protestant, Rev. Mr. Matchett, 9th street, between E and F.
Methodist Protestant, Rev. Mr. Murray, pastor, Odd-Fellows Hall, navy yard.
Presbyterian, Rev. Dr. Laurie, F. street, between 14th and 15th.
1st Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Spole, 4 1-2 street, between C and D.
2d Presbyterian, Rev. Mr. Knox, corner of H street and New York avenue.
4th Presbyterian, Rev. J. C. Smith, 9th street, between G and H.
Presbyterian, a new church, nearly done, on 8th, between H and I sts., Rev. Septimus Tuston, pastor—residence on 8th near G.
Christ, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Bean, G street, between 6th and 7th, navy yard.
St. John's Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Pyne, corner 16th and H streets.
Trinity, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, 5th street, between Louisiana avenue and E street.
Epiphany, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. French, G street, between 13th and 14th.
Ascension, Episcopal, Rev. Mr. Gilliss, H street, between 9th and 10th, temporarily occupying McLeod's school room, 9th street between G and H.
Unitarian, Rev. Mr. —, corner of D and 6th streets.
African, Union Bethel, M. E., Rev. Adam S. Driver, M between 15th and 16th streets.
African, Israel, M. E., Henry C. Turner, near the Capitol.
First Presbyterian, (colored), J. F. Cook, 15th, between I and K streets.

MASONIC.

Federal Lodge, No. 1—room corner of 12th street and Pennsylvania avenue; regular night of meeting, first Monday in every month.
Naval Lodge, No. 4—room Masonic hall, navy yard; regular night of meeting, first Saturday in every month.
Potomac Lodge, No. 5, Georgetown—room in Bridge street, opposite Union Hotel; regular night of meeting, fourth Friday in every month.

Lebanon Lodge, No. 7—room corner of 12th street and Penn. Avenue, third story; regular meeting, first Friday in every month.
New Jerusalem Lodge, No. 9—room on C street, between 6th and 4 1-2 streets; regular meeting, third Tuesday in every month.
Hiram Lodge, No. 10—room over West market, 1st ward; regular meeting, first Wednesday in every month.
Grand Lodge of District of Columbia—annual communication first Tuesday in November; semi-annual, first Tuesday in May. Installation meeting, St. John's day, 27th December.

I. O. O. F.

Central Lodge, No. 1—room City Hall; night of regular meeting, Friday.
Washington Lodge, No. 6—room City Hall; night of regular meeting, Tuesday.
Eastern Lodge, No. 7—occupies a room in Masonic hall, navy yard; night of regular meeting, Friday.
Potomac Lodge, No. 8—Odd Fellows' hall, Alexandria; regular night of meeting, Friday.
Harmony Lodge, No. 9—Odd Fellows' hall, corner of 7th and G streets, navy yard, regular night of meeting, Monday.
Columbia Lodge, No. 10—room City Hall; regular night of meeting, Thursday.
Union Lodge, No. 11—Odd Fellows' hall, navy yard; regular night of meeting, Wednesday.

Friendship Lodge, No. 12—room over West market, first ward; night of regular meeting, Thursday.
Covenant Lodge, No. 13—Georgetown; at their Hall, Congress st. Monday.
Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 14—room old Masonic hall, Alexandria; regular night of meeting, Tuesday.
Beacon Lodge, No. 15—room City Hall; regular night of meeting, Monday.
Columbian Encampment, No. 1—room City hall; regular night of meeting last Wednesday in every month.
Marley Encampment, No. 2—Odd Fellows' hall, Alexandria; regular nights of meeting, second and fourth Mondays in every month.
Mount Pisgah Encampment, No. 3—Odd Fellows' hall, Georgetown; regular nights of meeting, 1st and 3d Tuesday in every month.

Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, meets annually on the second Monday in November, and quarterly on the second Mondays of January, April, July, and October.

I. O. R. M.

Powhattan Tribe, No. 1—room on C street; regular night of meeting, every Tuesday.
Osceola Tribe, No. 2, Alexandria—meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbus st., Wednesday.
Anacostia Tribe, No. 3, Odd Fellows' Hall, Navy Yard.
Washington Literary and Debating Society—meets every Thursday evening, at the session room of the Baptist church, 10th street.
Vine Lyceum Society—meets weekly over the Washington Library, 11th street.
Washington Benevolent Society—meets at their hall on G, between 6th and 7th sts, the first Tuesday in every month.
Anacostia Benevolent Society meets the 15th of every month, one hour after sunset, in the Anacostia engine house. John O'Neale, president.

Freeman's Vigilant Total Abstinence Society, meets every Thursday evening, in the Franklin Engine house, 14th street.
UNITED BROTHERS OF TEMPERANCE.
District Assembly meets monthly, in Dr. F. Howard's Lecture room, on 11th street, between F and G.

Officers.

Ulysses Ward, President, Washington city.
Robert P. Anderson, 1st Vice do.
Robert M. Larmour, 2d do Alexandria.
George Savage, 3d do Washington.
J. B. B. Wilson, Recording Secretary.
L. S. Beck, Assistant do.
Richard L. Carns, Jr. Cor. do Alexandria.
F. Howard, M. D., Treasurer.
J. L. Henshaw, Marshal.
Association No. 1, meets every Friday evening, at the Hall, on C street.
Association No. 2, every Tuesday evening, Odd Fellows' Hall, Navy Yard.
Association No. 3, on Tuesday evening, over West Market.
Association No. 4, Alexandria, Old Brook Lodge, St. Asaph, near King st., Friday.
Association No. 5, Georgetown.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Grand Division—meets 2d Monday of October, January, April, and July, at the hall of Sons of Temperance, C st.
Officers.
William Whitney, G. W. P.
C. W. Boteler, Jr., G. W. A.
Z. K. Offutt, G. S.
John Waters, G. Treasurer.
Joseph Radcliff, G. Chaplain.
J. W. Dexter, G. C.
J. H. Davis, G. S.
J. D. Clark, P. G. W. P.
Timothy Division, No. 1—at the Hall of the Sons of Temperance on C street; regular night of meeting, Wednesday.
Harmony Division, No. 2—Alexandria, N. E. corner of Market square, Monday.

Crystal Fount Division, No. 3—Hall of the Sons of Temperance, C street, Monday.
Potomac Division, No. 5—Odd Fellows' Hall, Georgetown; Friday.
Equal Division, No. 6—Dr. Howard's Lecture Room, corner of F and 11th sts.; Tuesday.
Marion Division, No. 7—West Market, Monday.
Franklin Division, No. 8—Odd Fellows' Hall, Georgetown.
Union Division, No. 9—Tennally Town.
Howard Division, No. 10—Odd Fellows' Hall, Navy Yard.

BANKS.

Patriotic Bank—7th street, between C and D streets—discount day, Thursday. G. C. Grammar, President; Chauncy Bestor, Cashier.
Bank of Washington—corner of Louisiana avenue and C street—discount day, Tuesday. Wm. Gunton, President; Jas. Adams, Cashier.
Bank of the Metropolis—Pennsylvania avenue, between F and G streets, opposite the Treasury Department—discount day, Friday. John P. Van Ness, President; Richard Smith, Cashier.
Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Georgetown, Southeast corner of Bridge and Congress sts.

FIRE COMPANIES.

Union—located at the corner of H and 20th streets; regular night of meeting, the 2d Tuesday in every month. W. B. Magruder, President.
Franklin—located on 14th street, near Pennsylvania avenue; regular night of meeting, the first Tuesday in every month. Robert Colman, President.
Perseverance—located on Pennsylvania avenue, Centre market square; regular night of meeting, the first Thursday in every month. C. Buckingham, President.
Northern Liberties—located on the corner of Massachusetts avenue and 8th street; regular night of meeting, the first Wednesday in every month. John Y. Bryant, President.
Island—located on Maryland avenue, between 10th and 11th streets; regular night of meeting, the in every month. Wm. Lloyd, President.
Columbia—located on South Capitol street, near the Capitol; regular night of meeting the first Thursday in every month. James Adams, President.
Anacostia—located on Virginia avenue and L street south; regular night of meeting the first Friday in every month. Jonas B. Ellis, President.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Firemen's Insurance Company of Georgetown and Washington—office in the hall of the Perseverance Fire Company's building, Centre Market square. Jas. Adams President; Alexander McIntire, Secretary.
Franklin Insurance Company—office corner of 7th and D streets, next door to the Patriotic Bank. G. C. Grammar, President; Geo. Stettinius, Secretary.
Potomac Fire Insurance Company—office on Bridge street, Georgetown. John Kurtz, President; Henry King, Secretary.

POETRY.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

BY L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Flowers, fresh flowers, with your fragrance free,
Have you come in your queenly robes to me?
Me have ye sought, from your fair retreat,
With your greeting lips and your dewy feet,
And the heaven-ward glance of your radiant eye,
Like angel-guests from a purer sky.
But where did ye hide when the frost came near,
And your many sisters pale with fear?
Where did ye hide with a cheek as bright
As gleamed amid Eden's vales of light,
Ere the wiles of the tempter its bliss had shamed,
Or the terrible sword o'er its gateway flamed?
Flowers, sweet flowers, with your words of cheer,
Thanks to the friend who hath brought you here,
For this may her blossoms of varied dye
Be the earliest born 'neath the vernal sky,
And she be led by their whispered lore
To the love of that land where they fade no more.

THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down;
And with russet tinges,
Autumn's doing brown.
Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.
Round the tops of houses
Swallows as they flit
Give like yearly tenants
Notices to quit.
Skies of fickle temper
Weep by turns and laugh—
Night and Day together
Taking half-and-half.
So September endeth—
Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow
Sure will pinch us worse!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RUINED FAMILY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued.)

that was burning within him for the fiery poison which had robbed him of rationality and freedom.

"Give me some money!" he said, in an excited tone, to his wife, coming in hurriedly from the street, one day about this time. His face was dark and red, as if there were a congestion of the blood in the veins of the skin, while his hands trembled, and his whole frame was strongly agitated. Those who had been familiar with that old man, years before, would have hardly recognized him now, in his old worn and faded garments.

"I have no money for you," his wife replied. "You have already stripped us of nearly everything."

"Buy me some brandy, then."

"No. I cannot do that either. Brandy has cursed you and your family. Why do you not abandon it for ever?"

"I must have brandy, or die! Give me something to drink, in the name of heaven!"

The wild look that her husband threw upon her, alarmed Mrs. Graham, and she hesitated no longer, but handed him a small piece of money. Quick as thought, he turned away and darted from the house.

It was, perhaps, after the lapse of about half an hour that he returned. He opened the door, when he did so, quietly, and stood looking into the room for a few moments. Then he turned his head quickly from the right to the left, glancing fearfully behind him once or twice. In a moment or two afterwards he started forward, with a strong expression of alarm upon his countenance, and seated himself close beside Mrs. Graham, evidently in the hope of receiving her protection from some dreaded evil.

"What is the matter?" quickly exclaimed Mrs. Graham, starting up with a frightened look.

"It is really dreadful!" he said. "What can it all mean?"

"What is dreadful?" asked his wife, her heart throbbing with an unknown terror.

"There! Did you ever see such an awful sight? Ugh!" and he shrank behind her chair, and covered his eyes with his hands.

"I see nothing, Mr. Graham," his wife said, after a few moments of hurried thought, in which she began to comprehend the fact that her husband's mind was wandering.

"There is nothing here that will hurt you, father," Mary added, coming up to him, as her own mind arrived at a conclusion similar to her mother's.

"Nothing to hurt me!" suddenly screamed the old man, springing to his feet, and throwing himself backwards half across the room; "and that horrible creature already twining himself about my neck, and strangling me! Take it off! Take it off!" he continued, in a wild cry of terror, making strong efforts to tear something away from his throat.

"Take it off! Why don't you take it off! Don't you see that it is choking me to death! Oh! oh! oh!" uttered in a terrific scream.

Panting, screaming and struggling, he continued in this state of awful alarm, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from the coils of an imaginary monster, that was suffocating him, until he sank exhausted to the floor.

Happily for his alarmed and distressed family, two or three neighbors, who had been startled by the old man's screams, came hurriedly in, and soon comprehended the nature of his aberration. A brief consultation among themselves determined them, understanding, as they did perfectly, the condition of the family, and his relation to them, to remove him at once to the Alms-House, where he could get judicious medical treatment, and be out of the sight and hearing of his wife and children.

One of them briefly explained to Mrs. Graham, and Mary, the nature of his mental affection, and the absolute necessity that there was for his being placed where the most skillful and judicious management of his case could be had. After some time, he gained their reluctant consent to have him taken to the Alms-House. A carriage was then obtained, and he forced into it, amid the tears and remonstrances of the wife and daughter, who had already repented of their acquiescence in what their judgment had approved. Old affection had rushed back upon their hearts, and feeling became stronger than reason.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when this occurred. Early on the next morning, Mrs. Graham, with Mary and Anna, went out to see him. Their inquiries about his condition were vaguely answered, and with seeming reluctance, or as it appeared to them, with indifference. At length the matron of the institution asked them to go with her, and they followed on, through halls and galleries, until they came to a room, the door of which she opened, with a silent indication for them to enter.

They entered alone. Everything was hushed, and the silence that of the chamber of death. In the centre of the room lay

the old man. A single glance told the fearful tale. He was dead! Dead in the pauper's home! Seven years before, a millionaire—now sleeping his last sleep in the dead-room of an Alms-House, and his beggar wife and children weeping over him in heart-broken and hopeless sorrow.

From that time the energies of Mary and Anna seemed paralyzed; and it was only with a strong effort that Mrs. Graham could rouse herself from the stupor of mind and body, that had settled upon her.

Mrs. Graham and her two daughters had nearly finished their evening meal, at the close of the day alluded to some pages back, when the sound of rapidly hurrying footsteps was heard on the pavement. In a moment after, a heavy blow was given just at their door, and some one fell with a groan against it. The weight of the body forced it open, and the son and brother rolled in upon the floor, with the blood gushing from a ghastly wound in his forehead. His assailant instantly fled. Bloated, disfigured, in coarse and worn clothing, how different, even when moving about, was he from the genteel, well-dressed young man of a few years back! Idleness and dissipation had wrought as great a change upon him as it had upon his father, while he was living. Now he presented a shocking and loathsome appearance.

The first impulse of Mary was to run for a physician, while the mother and Anna attempted to staunch the flow of blood, that had already formed a pool on the floor. Assistance was speedily obtained, and the wound dressed; but the young man remained insensible. As the physician turned from the door, Mrs. Graham sank fainting upon her bed. Over-ried nature could bear up no longer.

"Doctor, what do you think of him?" asked the mother, anxiously, three days after, as the physician came out of Alfred's room. Since the injury he had received, he had lain in a stupor, but with much fever.

"His case, Madam, is an extremely critical one. I have tried in vain to control that fever."

"Do you think him very dangerous, Doctor?" Mary asked, in a husky voice.

"I certainly do. And, to speak to you the honest truth, I have, myself, no hope of his recovery. I think it right that you should know this."

"No hope, Doctor?" Mrs. Graham said, laying her hand upon the physician's arm, while her face grew deadly pale. "No hope!—My only son dies thus!—O! Doctor, can you not save him?"

"I wish it were in my power, Madam. But I will not flatter you with false hopes. It will be little less than a miracle should he survive."

The mothers and sisters turned away with an air of hopelessness from the physician, and he retired slowly, and with oppressed feelings.

When they returned to the sick chamber, a great change had already taken place in Alfred. The prediction of the physician, it was evident to each, as all bent eagerly over him, was about to be too surely and too suddenly realized. His face, from being slightly flushed with fever, had become sunken, and ghastly pale, and his respiration so feeble that it was almost imperceptible.

The last and saddest trial of this ruined family had come. The son and brother, for whom now rushed back upon their hearts the tender and confiding affection of earlier years, was lingering upon life's extremest verge. It seemed that they could not give him up. They felt that, even though he were neglectful of them, they could not do without him. He was a son and brother; and, while he lived, there was still hope of his restoration. The strength of that hope, entertained by each in the silent chambers of affection, was unknown before—its trial revealed its power over each crushed and sinking heart.

But the passage of each moment brought plainer and more palpable evidence of approaching dissolution. For about ten minutes he had lain so still, that they were suddenly aroused by the fear that he might be already dead. Softly did the mother lay her hand upon his forehead. Its cold and clammy touch sent an icy thrill to her heart. Then she bent her ear to catch even the feeblest breath—but she could distinguish none.

"He is dead!" she murmured, sinking down and burying her face in the bed-clothes.

The cup of their sorrow was, at last, full, full and running over!

Stunned by this new affliction, which seemed harder to bear than any of the terrible ones that had gone before, Mrs. Graham sank into a state of half-unconsciousness; but Anna still lingered over the insensible body of her brother, and though reason told her that the spirit had taken its everlasting departure, her heart still hoped that it might not be so,—that a spark yet remained which would rekindle.

The pressure of her warm hand upon his cold, damp forehead, mocked her hopes. His motionless chest told of the vanity of her fond anticipations of seeing his heart

(See fourth page.)